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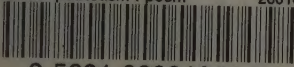
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The new patriotism : poem

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# THE NEW PATRIOTISM

By the author of "The New Patriotism"

Edited by  
WILLIAM C. C. C. C.

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# THE NEW PATRIOTISM

POEMS OF WORLD BROTHERHOOD

*Compiled by*  
THOMAS CURTIS CLARK  
*and*  
ESTHER A. GILLESPIE

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DEDICATED  
TO ALL PROPHETS AND POETS  
THROUGH THE AGES  
WHO HAVE DARED TO DREAM

*Our country hath a gospel of her own  
To preach and practice before all the world—  
The freedom and divinity of man,  
The glorious claims of human brotherhood.*  
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*From "Freedom"*

*I dreamed a dream, I saw a city  
Invincible to the whole of the rest of the earth,  
I dreamed that it was the new City of Friends.*  
—WALT WHITMAN

*From "Calamus"*

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## OPENING WORDS

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of *The Man With the Hoe*, *Lincoln*, *the Man of the People*, *The Ballad of the Gallows-Bird*, etc.

READING the earnest poems in this collection, I take it as my personal opinion that the New Patriotism stands for the Fraternity of the Peoples, based on social justice and world brotherhood—on industrial peace and international peace.

This is the supreme hope of the planet; and all forward-looking men and women will be grateful to Mr. Clark and Miss Gillespie for collecting these poems lighted by this hope. They are suggestive and inspiring.

This patriotism carries the divine dream of the World State, the World Republic—the dream that will be realized in the rise of reason in the brain of man. Tennyson watched—in vision—the march of the race,

“Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and  
the battle-flags were furled  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation  
of the World.”

And this patriotism includes an unselfish devotion to our own country, but not an exclusive devotion to

## OPENING WORDS

her. But that devotion will not be expressed—as so often of old—in merely dying for her perhaps, but mainly in an earnest effort to make her *worthy* of our dying for. It includes this devotion to our country because she offers the duty nearest to hand. It includes also a devotion to the welfare of all other nations. The New Patriotism is not only national: it is also international. It comes lighted with a vast vision: it sees that above all nations is Humanity.

This patriotism has for its objective the enbrothering of the race, implying brother-care for brother; and, finally, the elimination of the old world-destroyers—War and Poverty. Yes, it comes to establish international peace and to organize industrial democracy.

This new spirit will extend the frontiers of friendship, until the world shall become a world of friends. It believes in the unifying forces of generosity and good-will. It has faith in ballots—not bullets: it believes in evolution, not revolution.

The New Patriot is not a patriot for pay: he is willing to take unprofitable risks. While he works cheerfully in the present order, he knows himself to be a conscript of a higher order. He stands firm above all appeals to self-interest. He looks upon public service—all service of the people—as a sacred thing.

## OPENING WORDS

It was in the spirit of this ideal that I penned these lines:

“We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel  
The common burden and the public trust  
To be a thing as sacred and august  
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.”

Let me say again that the new citizen is not only a patriot of his own people, but he is also a patriot of humanity. The race is one. So he recognizes the fact that while the accident of birth makes him a member of his own nation, it also makes him a member of all nations. Thus he has a duty to his own land, and a duty to all lands. When he considers a problem affecting his own nation, he must take into account the effect of his decision upon other nations. All countries must be included in the dimensions of his good will.

This is not in line with a jingo diplomacy, petty and self-seeking—not in line with a ludicrous national egotism. But it is in line with a large, all-inclusive devotion to the brotherhood of peoples. It is also in line with the spiritual evolution of man. For the invariable mark of an evolving man is his power to take high ground and to see things from all angles, coupled with a conscience that is as eager to give as to receive.

## OPENING WORDS

Spiritual growth is an expansion from the ego-center to the brother-center—from the individual to the universal. It is a movement from the parish mind to the planetary mind.

A man is born first into nature, into the animal struggle, where we see selfishness rampant. In this state, he is frequently as unconscious of his low condition as is a beast of the field. To reach his true manhood, he must be reborn into the feeling of otherhood, into an abiding sense of the rights of his fellows and of his duties to them.

When a man sees the rights of others to be as sacred as his own, he has taken a long stride into the light. This illumination marks the opening of his spiritual eyes. It is the touch in him of the finger of the Almighty.

If the man keeps on growing, he will see at last that above his selfish individual life there is a higher universal order (call it the Comrade Order) to which he really belongs and to which he owes eternal loyalty. He will see perhaps (if he is a Christian) that this higher order is what Jesus meant by the Kingdom, the Kingdom of Comrades, the divine social dream which He lived to reveal and died to vindicate.

Scattered over twenty centuries, great prophets—Savonarola, Lamennais, Mazzini, Ruskin and the



## OPENING WORDS

rest—have risen to proclaim this New Patriotism, the patriotism that is humanitarian and planetary. High on this roll of the prophets, we behold the names of Felicite Lamennais of France and Joseph Mazzini of Italy.

Let us never forget Lamennais, mystic and martyr, whose *Words of a Believer* and *The Book of the People* sounded out over Europe like the thunders of a new apocalypse. Nor must we ever forget Mazzini, saint and hero, who inscribed on his banner, "God and the People," and whose social faith sustained and bore him on in his long, lonely and terrible apostolate. More than ever Peter, he was rock!

Dante, Hugo, Shelley, Leconte de Lisle, they also were with us. They also led on the new evangel, cried the great word.

And in our own day, we are heartened to find that the poets are not forgetful of their high mission as leaders of the New Patriotism. Among many in England, I recall the names of Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, Robert Nichols, Siegfried Sassoon.

In our America, I recall other distinguished names—Williams Dean Howells, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Angela Morgan, James Oppenheim. Why name more? Are they not all with us in this new apostolate?

## OPENING WORDS

Yet I must name one more, a brilliant writer, an Englishman now living in America—Richard Le Gallienne. We should all know his powerful poem, *The Illusion of War*, the poem beginning:

“War  
I abhor,  
And yet how sweet  
The sound along the marching street  
Of drum and fife; and I forget  
Wet eyes of widows, and forget  
Broken old mothers, and the whole  
Dark butchery without a soul.”

I have said little of the methods for eliminating war. But our greatest hope lies in the organization of a world republic, a league of nations. Perhaps Charles Edward Russell was thinking of this hope when—in his *Songs of Democracy*—he penned these beautiful lines:

“I see the ranks of Force dismayed and broken:  
I see the lips of Freedom, fierce and fair.  
Shout! for this shines the long expected token:  
Shout! for the daylight breaks along the air.”

Yes, our hope is in unity, in solidarity, in fraternity. Thomas Lake Harris calls Fraternity “earth’s holiest word, the word which contains within itself the essence of all gospels and the fulfillment of all revelations.”

# THE NEW PATRIOTISM



# THE NEW PATRIOTISM

## WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

My country is the world;  
My flag with stars impearled  
    Fills all the skies,  
All the round earth I claim,  
Peoples of every name;  
And all inspiring fame,  
    My heart would prize.

Mine are all lands and seas,  
All flowers, shrubs and trees,  
    All life's design,  
My heart within me thrills  
For all uplifted hills,  
And for all streams and rills;  
    The world is mine.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

And all men are my kin,  
Since every man has been,  
    Blood of my blood,  
I glory in the grace  
And strength of every race  
And joy in every trace  
    Of brotherhood.

The days of pack and clan  
Shall yield to love of man,  
    When war-flags are furled;  
We shall be done with hate,  
And strife of state with state,  
When man with man shall mate,  
    O'er all the world.

ANONYMOUS

## A LOFTIER RACE

These things shall be! a loftier race  
Than ere the world hath known shall rise  
With flame of freedom in their souls,  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free:  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould  
And mightier music fill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

## SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

I sing the song of a new Dawn waking,  
A new wind shaking  
The children of men.

I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking  
Shall leap with gladness and live again.  
Over the woe of the world appalling,  
Wild and sweet as a bugle cry,  
Sudden I hear a new voice calling—  
“Beauty is nigh!”

Beauty is nigh! Let the world believe it.  
Love has covered the fields of dead.  
Healing is here. Let the world receive it,  
Greeting the Dawn with lifted head.

I sing the song of the sin forgiven,  
The deed forgotten, the wrong undone.  
Lo, in the East, where the dark is riven,  
Shines the rim of the rising sun.

Healing is here! O brother, sing it!  
Laugh, O heart, that has grieved so long.  
Love will gather your woe and fling it  
Over the world in waves of song.



## SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

Hearken, mothers, and hear them coming—

Heralds crying the day at hand.

Faint and far as the sound of drumming,

Hear their summons across the land.

Look, O fathers! Your eyes were holden—

Armies throng where the dead have lain.

Fiery steeds and chariots golden—

Gone in the dream of soldiers slain.

Sing, O sing of a new world waking,

Sing of creation just begun.

Glad is the earth when morn is breaking—

Man is facing the rising sun!

—ANGELA MORGAN

## A NEW EARTH

God grant us wisdom in these coming days,  
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see  
Of that new world that He would have us build,  
To Life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense,—God-sense of Life's new needs,  
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries—  
To cope with those black growths that foul the  
ways,—  
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born  
energies.

To pledge our souls with nobler, loftier life,  
To win the world to His fair sanctities,  
To bind the nations in a Pact of Peace,  
And free the Soul of Life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross  
Has Time such prospect held of Life's new birth;  
Not since the world of chaos first was born  
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

## A NEW EARTH

Not of our own might can we hope to rise  
Above the ruts and soilures of the past,  
But, with His help who did the first earth build,  
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this  
last.

—JOHN OXENHAM

## SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

Great wave of youth, ere you be spent  
Sweep over every monument  
Of caste, smash every high imperial wall  
That stands against the new World State,  
And overwhelm each ravening hate,  
And heal and make blood-brothers of us all.  
Nor let your clamor cease  
Till ballots conquer guns.  
Drum on for the world's peace  
Till the Tory power is gone.  
Envenomed lame old age  
Is not our heritage,  
But Springtime's vast release, and flaming dawn.

Peasants, rise in splendor  
And your accounting render,  
Ere the lords unnerve your hand!  
Sew the flags together.  
Do not tear them down.  
Hurl the worlds together.  
Dethrone the wallowing monster

## SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

And the clown.  
Resolving only that shall grow  
In Balkan furrow, Chinese row,  
That blooms, and is perpetually young,  
That only be held fine and dear  
That brings heart-wisdom year by year  
And puts this thrilling word upon the tongue:  
"The United States of Europe, Asia and the World."

"Youth will be served," now let us cry.  
Hurl the referendum.  
Your fathers, five long years ago,  
Resolved to strike, too late.  
Now  
Sun-crowned crowds  
Innumerable,  
Of boys and girls  
Imperial,  
With your patchwork flag of brotherhood  
On high,  
With every silk  
In one flower-banner whirled,—  
Rise,  
Citizens of one tremendous state,  
The United States of Europe, Asia and the World.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

The dawn is rose-dressed and impearled.  
The guards of privilege are spent.  
The blood-fed captains nod.  
So Saxon, Slav, French, German,  
Rise,  
Yankee, Chinese, Japanese,  
All the lands, all the seas,  
With blazing rainbow flag unfurled,  
Rise,  
Rise,  
Take the sick dragons by surprise,  
Highly establish,  
In the name of God,  
The United States of Europe, Asia and the World.

—VACHEL LINDSAY

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

Where are you going, Great-Heart,  
With your eager face and your fiery grace?—  
Where are you going, Great-Heart?

“To fight a fight with all my might;  
For Truth and Justice, God and Right;  
To grace all Life and His fair Light.”  
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?  
“To live Today above the Past;  
To make Tomorrow sure and fast;  
To nail God’s colors to the mast.”  
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?  
“To break down old dividing lines;  
To carry out my Lord’s designs;  
To build again His broken shrines.”  
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Where are you going, Great-Heart?  
"To set all burdened peoples free;  
To win for all God's liberty;  
To 'stablish His Sweet Sovereignty."  
God goeth with you, Great-Heart!

—JOHN OXENHAM



## A CAROL FOR THE NEW YEAR

(After the World War)

Blow, bugles, blow!

The dark days into old oblivion go.

Blow gladness from the summits of the world:

The battle-flags are furled—

Wild flags that startled up at every breath—

Banners that beat against the winds of death.

They have their rest at last,

Rich with heroic memories of the past.

Blow, bugles, blow!

The battle years have ended, and we go

Onward to meet the future with a song,

Knowing our might is greater than all wrong—

Knowing we have a key for every gate,

And that the heart has dare for every fate—

Knowing that God is in the years ahead,

As He was with us when the roads were red.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Blow, bugles, blow!  
The shames and tyrannies begin to go.  
Sing, bugles, sing into the ear of time  
The end of the ancient crime—  
Sing with a silver tongue,  
Let all old faces gladden and grow young,  
And let the hearts of youth  
Sing with the glory of the world's New Truth—  
The high glad brother-hail;  
For nevermore must Love's great purpose fail—  
Never again the hopes depart  
Out of the world's joy-stilled, grief-greatened heart.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## 1914—AND AFTER

Would you end war?

Create great Peace. . . .

. . . . .

The Peace that demands all of a man,

His love, his life, his veriest self;

Plunge him into the smelting fires of a work that  
becomes his child,

. . . . .

Give him a hard Peace; a Peace of discipline and  
justice. . . .

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure:

Set him to work, not to create *things*

But to create *man*:

Yea, himself.

Go search your heart, America. . . .

Turn from the machine to man,

Build, while there is yet time, a creative Peace. . . .

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

While there is yet time! . . .  
For if you reject great Peace,  
As surely as vile living brings disease,  
So surely will your selfishness bring war.

—JAMES OPPENHEIM

## THE LIGHT-BRINGER

This is a time of death and blinded pain,  
And men, as if half-slain  
Stare at delirium  
With empty eyes  
And can no longer tell how patient come  
Into the skies  
The counselling stars.

These be my weapons in the fight:  
The invincible nights and days  
(My bright flag signalling their points and rays)  
And the one proud, profoundest gun,  
The unassailable light  
Of the sun!

O my own people!—if we dare to be  
Humanity,  
If our preparedness be first within,  
If we be resolute to sever  
The heart of courage from the heart of fear—  
Then we shall hear,

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Above the din,  
The only trump of victory,  
Not for the day, not for the year,  
But forever.

WITTER BYNNER

## A VOICE PROPHETIC

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,  
Be not disheartened—affection shall solve the problems of Freedom yet;  
Those who love each other shall become invincible—they shall yet make Columbia victorious.  
Sons of the Mother of All! you shall yet be victorious!  
You shall yet laugh to scorn the attacks of the remainder of the earth.  
No danger shall balk Columbia's lovers;  
If need be, a thousand shall sternly immolate themselves for one.

. . . . .

The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,  
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

These shall tie you and band you stronger than hoops of iron;

. . . . .

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?

Or by any agreement on paper? or by arms?

—Nay—not the world, nor any living thing, will  
so cohere.

—WALT WHITMAN



## AT HALF-MAST

Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the life that has been spilt,  
For the wealth that has been built  
    On the bones of men;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
    Till the day breaks again.

Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the greed that would not die,  
For the hate that scorched the sky  
    With envenomed fire;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
    For the deeds of men's ire.

Fly the flag at half-mast  
For the love that has been slain,  
For the conflict's bloody stain  
    On the hopes of men;  
Fly the flag at half-mast  
    Till the day breaks again.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## THE NEW GOD

In temporary pain

The age is bearing a new breed

Of men and women, patriots of the world

And one another. Boundaries in vain,

Birthrights and countries, would constrain

The old diversity of seed

To be diversity of soul.

O mighty patriots, maintain

Your loyalty!—till flags unfurled

For battle shall arraign

The traitors who unfurled them, shall remain

And shine over an army with no slain,

And men from every nation shall enroll,

And women—in the hardihood of peace!

What can my anger do but cease?

Whom shall I fight and who shall be my enemy

When he is I and I am he?

Let me have done with that old God outside

Who watched with preference and answered prayer,

The Godhead that replied

Now here, now there,

## THE NEW GOD

Where heavy cannon were

Or coins of gold!

Let me receive communion with all men

Acknowledging our one and only soul!

For not till then

Can God be God till we ourselves are whole!

—WITTER BYNNER

## THE RED CROSS

O League of Kindness, women in all lands,  
You bring Love's tender mercies in your hands:  
You come wherever misery appears  
To heal the wounds and wipe away the tears.

O League of Kindness, easing grief and pain,  
Working with God beyond the thought of gain:  
Above all flags you lift the conquering sign,  
And hold invincible Love's battle line.

O League of Kindness, in your flag we see  
A foregleam of the brotherhood to be  
In ages when the agonies are done,  
When all will love and all will lift as one.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## DAWN

The hour of dawn is the hour of death—  
I know by the gas in the morning's breath;  
I know by the cannon's racking scream,  
By the rifle's click, by the bayonet's gleam;  
I know by our crouching, hushed platoon  
That the word is near, that the hour is soon  
When we'll leap to the top with the shibboleth—  
*"The hour of dawn is the hour of death!"*

*The hour of dawn is the hour of life!*  
A new world springs from a world of strife!  
A world uncursed by autocracy's brood;  
A world of beauty and brotherhood;  
A world made true to a holy plan—  
The reign of love, the rule of Man!  
It is hate and lust and war we knife—  
*The hour of dawn is the hour of life!*

—DANIEL M. HENDERSON

## THE NEW STATE

O dark and cruel State  
Whose towers are altars unto self alone,—  
    Whose streets with tears are wet,  
And half thy councils given unto hate!  
Shall Time not hurl thy temples stone from stone,  
    And o'er the ruin set  
A fairer city than the years have known?  
Out of thy darkness do we find us dreams,  
    And on the future gleams  
The vision of thy ramparts built anew.  
Mammon and War sit now a double throne,  
Yet what we dream, a wiser Age shall do.

Be ye lift up, O everlasting gates  
Of that far city men shall build for man!  
    O fairer Day that waits,  
The splendor of whose dawn we shall not see,  
When selfish bonds of family and clan  
Melt in the higher love that ye shall be!  
O State without a master or a slave,  
    Whose law of light we crave  
Ere morning widen on a world set free!

—GEORGE STERLING

*From Ode on the Exposition*

## THE NEW SONG

Poet, take up thy lyre;  
No more shall warlike fire  
    Inflame the earth and sea;  
Cease from your martial strain,  
Sing songs of peace again,  
    Sing of a world set free.

No more sing fear and hate  
While armies devastate,  
    Nor boast of foes withstood;  
Let mercy be your theme,  
Renew the old, fair dream  
    Of human brotherhood.

No more the trumpet blast  
Shall call to conflict fast,  
    The flame of war grows pale;  
Sing, Poet, God-inspired,  
Till all the world is fired  
    With love that shall not fail.  
    —ARTHUR GORDON FIELD

## PEACE

O brother, lift a cry, a long world-cry

Sounding from sky to sky—

The cry of one great word,

Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be  
heard—

A cry to break the ancient battle-ban,

To end it in the sacred name of Man!

—EDWIN MARKHAM



## A SONG OF VICTORY

But now above the thunder of the drums—  
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory comes—  
Hark to a mighty sound,  
A cry out of the ground:  
“Let there be no more battles: field and flood  
Are weary of battle blood.  
Even the patient stones  
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.  
Lay the sad swords asleep:  
They have their fearful memories to keep.  
And fold the flags: they weary of battle days,  
Weary of wild flights up the lonely ways.  
Quiet the restless flags,  
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags.  
Look where they startle and leap—  
Look where they hollow and heap—  
Now greathening into glory and now thinned,  
Living and dying momentarily on the wind.  
And bugles that have cried on sea and land  
The silver blazon of their high command—  
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,  
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;  
For they are weary of that curdling cry  
That tells men how to die.  
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—  
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—  
Let the shrewd spider lock them one by one,  
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;  
And let the blue-bird in their iron throats  
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.

“Let there be no more battles, men of earth:  
The new age rises singing into birth!”

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## BUGLE SONG OF PEACE

(A Prophecy)

Blow, bugle, blow!

The day has dawned at last,  
Blow, blow, blow!

The fearful night is past;  
The prophets realize their dreams.  
Lo! in the east the glory gleams.  
Blow, bugle, blow!  
The day has dawned at last.

Blow, bugle, blow!

The soul of man is free.  
The rod and sword of king and lord  
Shall no more honored be;  
For God alone shall govern men,  
And Love shall come to earth again.  
Blow, bugle, blow!  
The soul of man is free.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Blow, bugle, blow!

Though rivers run with blood,  
All greed and strife, and lust for life,  
Are passing with the flood.  
The gory beast of war is cowed;  
The world's great heart with grief is bowed.  
Blow, bugle, blow!  
The day has dawned at last!

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## TRUE PEACE

Drums and battle-cries  
Go out in music of the morning-star—  
And soon we shall have thinkers in the place  
Of fighters, each found able as a man  
To strike electric influence through a race  
Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*From Casa Guidi Windows*

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall, or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride;  
No!—MEN! High-minded men.

. . . . .

Men who their *duties* know,  
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
*These* constitute a State.

—SIR WILLIAM JONES

## THE VISION OF PEACE

O, beautiful Vision of Peace,  
Beam bright in the eyes of Man!  
The host of the meek shall increase,  
The Prophets are leading the van.  
Have courage; we see the Morn!  
Never fear, though the Now be dark!  
Out of Night the Day is born;  
The Fire shall live from the Spark.

It may take a thousand years  
Ere the Era of Peace holds sway,  
Look back and the Progress cheers,  
And a thousand years are a day!  
The World grows—yet not by chance;  
It follows some marvelous plan;  
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,  
God rules the training of Man.  
—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

## THE NEW MARS

I war against the folly that is War,  
The sacrifice that pity hath not stayed,  
The Great Delusion men have perished for,  
The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:  
I war for justice and for human right,  
Against the lawless tyranny of Might.

A monstrous cult has held the world too long:  
The worship of a Moloch that hath slain  
Remorselessly the young, the brave, the strong,—  
Indifferent to the unmeasured pain,  
The accumulated horror and despair,  
That stricken Earth no longer wills to bear.

My goal is *peace*,—not peace at any price,  
While yet ensanguined jaws of Evil yawn  
Hungry and pitiless: Nay, peace were vice  
Until the cruel dragon-teeth be drawn,  
And the wronged victims of Oppression be  
Delivered from its hateful rule, and free!



## THE NEW MARS

When comes that hour, resentment laid aside,  
    Into a ploughshare will I beat my sword;  
The weaker Nations' strength shall be my pride,  
    Their gladness my exceeding great reward;  
And not in vain shall be the tears now shed,  
Nor vain the service of the gallant dead.

. . . . .

I war against the folly that is War,  
    The futile sacrifice that nought hath stayed,  
The Great Delusion men have perished for,  
    The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:  
For faith I war, humanity and trust;  
For peace on earth,—a lasting peace, and just!  
                    —FLORENCE EARLE COATES

## THE MESSAGE OF PEACE

Bid the din of battle cease!  
Folded be the wings of fire!  
Let your courage conquer peace—  
Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat!  
Blended in the arc of love,  
Let the flags of nations meet;  
Bind the raven, loose the dove;

At the altar that we raise  
King and Kaiser may bow down;  
Warrior-knights above their bays  
Wear the sacred olive crown.

Blinding passion is subdued,  
Men discern their common birth,  
God hath made of kindred blood  
All the peoples of the earth.

## THE MESSAGE OF PEACE

High and holy are the gifts

He has lavished on the race,—

Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,

Honor's meed, and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look

Let our kindling souls expand;

Let us pledge, on nature's book,

Heart to heart and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw

In the battle-flag unfurled,

Let us read Christ's better law:

Fellowship for all the world!

—JULIA WARD HOWE

## PEACE ON EARTH

Peace, peace on earth! the heart of man forever  
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day;  
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,  
That war shall end and swords be sheathed for aye.

Peace, peace on earth! for men shall love each other,  
Hosts shall go forth to bless and not destroy;  
For man shall see in every man a brother,  
And peace on earth fulfil the angels' joy.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

## “THIS IS THE LAST”

Coming in splendor thro' the golden gate  
Of all the days, swift passing, one by one,  
O silent planet, thou hast gazed upon  
How many harvestings dispassionate?  
Across the many-furrowed fields of Fate,  
Wrapt in the mantle of oblivion,  
The old, gray, wrinkled Husbandman has gone;  
The blare of trumpets, rattle of the drum,  
Disturb him not at all—he sees,  
Between the hedges of the centuries,  
A thousand phantom armies go and come,  
While reason whispers as each marches past,  
“This is the last of wars—this is the last!”

—GILBERT WATERHOUSE

## THE NEW CRUSADE

Life is a trifle;  
Honor is all;  
Shoulder the rifle;  
Answer the call.  
"A nation of traders!"  
We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's Crusaders  
Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;  
Battle shall cease;  
Ours is the magic  
Mission of Peace.  
"A nation of traders!"  
We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.

Gladly we barter  
Gold of our youth  
For liberty's charter  
Blood-sealed in truth.

## THE NEW CRUSADE

*"A nation of traders!"*

*We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

Sons of the granite,

Strong be our stroke,  
Making the planet  
Safe for the folk.

*"A nation of traders!"*

*We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

Life is but passion,

Sunshine on dew,  
Forward to fashion

The old world anew!

*"A nation of traders!"*

*We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

—KATHARINE LEE BATES

## THE VALLEY OF DECISION

The World is in the Valley of Decision;  
It is standing at the parting of the ways;  
Will it climb the steps of God to realm elysian,—  
Or fall on horror of still darker days?

Will it free itself of every shameful shackle?  
Will it claim the glorious freedom of the brave?  
Will it lose the soul of Life in this debacle,  
And sink into a mean dishonored grave?

All the world is in the Valley of Decision,  
And out of it there is but one sure road;  
Eyes unsealed can still foresee the mighty vision  
Of a world in travail turning unto God.

All the world is in the Valley of Decision.  
Who shall dare its future destiny foretell?  
Will it yield its soul unto the Heavenly Vision,  
Or sink despairing into its own hell?

—JOHN OXENHAM



## PREPARE

O human hearts,  
    Beating through fear, through jealousy,  
    Through pride, through avarice, through  
        bitterness,  
Through agony, through death.  
    Beating, beating,  
    Shame and forgiveness,  
    Bewilderment and love,  
O my own country,  
    My new world,  
    Prepare,  
    Prepare—  
Not to avenge wrong  
But to exalt right,  
Not to display honor  
But to prove humility,  
Not to bring wrath  
    But vision,  
Not to win war  
    But a people,  
And not people only,

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

But all peoples,  
Not to exact justice from your enemies only  
But from your friends,  
And not from your friends only  
But first from yourselves!

—WITTER BYNNER

## RESURGENCE

The Spirit of the Time-to-be,  
Of brotherhood, of manhood free,  
Spoke to a prostrate world in tears:  
"Be not afflicted. Quell thy fears.  
Behold the place where oversea—  
Europe a charnel-house—they laid  
And guarded Him. Be not afraid  
For He is risen. Every son  
That sees a deed of service done,  
A brother's heart, by kindness swayed,  
Proclaims His resurrection known  
Not on graved tower of piled stone,  
But in the every act that can  
Bring near the Brotherhood of Man."

—LAURA BELL EVERETT

## ON A EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELD

They are not dead, the soldiers fallen here;  
Their spirits walk throughout the world today;  
They still proclaim their message far and near:  
Might is not right, God's truth must have its way!

Go forth and tell their message to the world;  
In vain their fight, in vain the foe withstood,  
Unless above all kingdoms be unfurled  
The pure white flag of love and brotherhood.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## THE DAWN OF LIBERTY

Around the world truth speaks in new-found voices;  
The darkness flees and all the world rejoices;  
The people's God has heard the people's plea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

God shakes all thrones; the jeweled crowns are falling.  
"To serve, to serve!"—this is the clear cry calling.  
The hosts of earth shall see a world set free;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

No longer shall the war lords strike with terror;  
The end has come for darkness and for error.  
The light of truth shall rest on land and sea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## VISIONS

Thank God for visions of the brighter day,  
That dawns at last beyond this rough red way!  
New life is there for those who dare,—  
A life that all these sufferings shall repay;—

A life set free from all the grosser things  
That warped our souls and bound the Spirit's  
wings,—  
An entrance fair to larger air,  
And certitude of nobler prosperings.

Only have vision and bold enterprise!  
No task too great for men of unsealed eyes;  
The Future stands with outstretched hands,  
Press on and claim its high supremacies!

—JOHN OXENHAM

## PEACE

Not with the high-voiced fife,  
Nor with the deep-voiced drum,  
To mark the end of strife  
The perfect Peace shall come.

Nor pomp nor pageant grand  
Shall bring War's blest surcease,  
But silent, from God's hand  
Shall come the perfect Peace!  
—CLINTON SCOLLARD

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

. . . . .  
And then I felt a fever in my veins  
To be done with all these passions, all these pains.  
I envied the Unknown Soldier. Let him lie  
Solemn, anonymous. A man must die—  
What difference whether mighty with no name  
Or with a dated lettering of a puny fame?  
Death is a simpler matter, anyway,  
Than merely living on from day to day,  
The blunders and the blaming and the blinking—  
No wonder wars occur, instead of thinking!  
Must we be fools and, when we organize,  
Grow twice as sinister and half as wise?  
When we enlist as soldiers of a State  
Or race or creed or culture, anything great,  
Why will we think as little as we can,  
Instead of being friendly, man to man? . . .  
The hour the great memorial went by,  
I saw a woman clasp a child and cry—  
And then a touch of fever caught her breath,  
To have her baby die as fine a death.

Are there any fruits to know us by but these?  
Was that a whisper in the evening breeze? .

—WITTER BYNNER



## MEMORIAL DAY

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,  
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long  
sleep,

By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood,

In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through  
our land.

Sleeps! Do they sleep! I know I heard their cry,  
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot?  
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,  
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were  
rust,

Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,  
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.  
We thought we could sleep content in a task well  
done;

But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron  
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns  
anew;

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave  
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with emboweled death.  
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the dema-  
gogue's throat,

While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.  
Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied?  
You men who live on the earth we bought with our  
woe,

Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,  
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,  
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools  
Who play with blood-stained toys that crowd new  
graves?

We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant  
them sleep?

—WILLIAM E. BROOKS

## TRUE FREEDOM

'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws,  
She writes them on the people's hearts in language  
clear and plain;

True thoughts have moved the world before, *and so*  
*they shall again.*

We yield to none in earnest love of freedom's cause  
sublime;

We join the cry "Fraternity!" we keep the march of  
Time.

—CHARLES MACKAY

## HEAR, O YE NATIONS

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey  
The cry from the past and the call of today!  
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life out-  
poured,  
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,  
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!  
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal,  
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,  
The workers afield, in science, in art,  
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create  
The manifold life of the firm-built State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong  
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;  
Then justice prevail, and the battle flags furled,  
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

## HEAR, O YE NATIONS

And thou, O my country, from many made one,  
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,  
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,  
And lead the world-triumph of Peace and Good-will.

—FREDERICK L. HOSMER

## SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL

And thou, America,  
For the scheme's culmination,  
Its thought and its reality,  
For these (not for thyself)  
Thou hast arrived.  
Thou, too, surroundest all,  
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all;  
Thou, too, by pathways broad and new  
To the ideal tendest,  
The measured faith of other lands,  
The grandeur of the past,  
Are not for thee.  
But grandeurs of thine own,  
Deific faiths and amplitude, absorbing,  
Comprehending all,  
All eligible to all.

—WALT WHITMAN

## LAND THAT WE LOVE

Land that we love! Thou Future of the World!  
Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed!

Oh, never by thy shining image hurled  
From its high place in the adoring breast  
Of him who worships thee with jealous love!  
Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove  
All white, and to the eternal Dawn inclined!  
Thou art not for thyself but for mankind,  
And to despair of thee were to despair

Of man, of man's high destiny, of God!

Of thee should man despair, the journey trod  
Upward, through unknown eons, stair on stair,  
By this our race, with bleeding feet and slow,  
Were but the pathway to a darker woe

Than yet was visioned by the heavy heart  
Of prophet. To despair of thee! Ah no!

For thou thyself art Hope, Hope of the World  
thou art!

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## AMERICA'S TASK

With malice toward none;

With charity for all;

With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the  
right,—

Let us strive on to finish the work we are in:

To bind up the nation's wounds;

To care for him who shall have borne the battle, and  
for his widow and his orphan;

To do all which may achieve and cherish a just and  
lasting peace among ourselves, and with all na-  
tions.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*From The Second Inaugural Address*



## THE CALL

In days long gone God spake unto our sires:

“Courage! Launch out! A new world build for  
me!”

Then to the deep they set their ships, and sailed

And came to land, and prayed that here might be  
A realm from pride and despotism free,  
A place of peace, the home of liberty.

Lo, in these days, to all good men and true

God speaks again: “Launch out upon the deep  
And win for me a world of righteousness!”

Can we, free men, at such an hour still sleep?  
O God of Freedom, stir us in our night  
That we set forth, for justice, truth and right!

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
    Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
    Long as thy Law by Law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
    Thy brother every man below,  
So long, dear Land of all my love,  
    Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.  
                                —SIDNEY LANIER

**From Centennial Ode**

## AMERICA FIRST!

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assumption of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting in her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail along which, please God, other nations will follow into a new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Some day some nation must take that path—unless  
we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—  
and that honor I covet for my beloved America.  
And so, in this spirit and with these hopes, I say with  
all my heart and soul, "America First!"

—G. ASHTON OLDHAM

## OUR COUNTRY

"O Beautiful, my Country!"

Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair:  
Be it thy pride to lift up  
The manhood of the poor;  
Be thou to the oppressed  
Fair Freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered,  
For thee they toiled and prayed;  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid.  
Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine;  
The blood of pilgrim nations  
Commingle, flows in thine.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

O Beautiful, our Country!  
Round thee in love we draw:  
Thine is the grace of Freedom,  
The majesty of Law.  
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem;  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be Peace the crowning gem!  
—FREDERICK L. HOSMER

## AMERICA

For, O America, our country!—land  
Hid in the west through centuries, till men  
Through countless tyrannies could understand  
The priceless worth of freedom,—once again  
The world was new-created when thy shore  
First knew the Pilgrim keels, that one last test  
The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er  
The strife with evil till it proved its best.  
Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold  
A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.  
If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,  
Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,  
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide  
And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth  
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide  
From tyranny and wrong, where life hath worth,  
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold  
Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,  
The race is lost! A globe dispeopled, cold,  
Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Were not so stamped by all which hope debars  
As were this earth, plunging along through space  
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,  
Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!  
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;  
Here all is won, or here must all be lost;  
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;  
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.  
America, last hope of man and truth,  
Thy name must through all coming ages be  
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,  
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.  
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine  
To lead all nations and outshine them all;—  
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,  
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

—ARLO BATES

From *The Torch-Bearers*



## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

—KATHARINE LEE BATES

## DEAR COUNTRY MINE

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,  
And ocean warded, strife thou too hast known;  
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,  
And may thy way be onward without wrath,  
And upward on no carcass of the slain;  
And if thou smitest let it be for peace  
And justice—not in hate, or pride or lust  
Of empire, mayest thou ever be, O land,  
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;  
So that thou lift a light for all the world  
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## MY AMERICA

More famed than Rome, as splendid as old Greece,  
And saintlier than Hebrew prophet's dream;  
A shrine of beauty, Italy-inspired;  
A nobler France, by truth and freedom fired;  
As hale as England, treasuring her gleam  
Of knightly Arthur; though a land of peace.  
As brave as Sparta—till all hellish wars shall cease.

In thoughts, as wide as is her prairie sea;  
In deeds, as splendid as her mountain piles;  
As noble as her mighty river tides.  
Let her be true, a land where right abides;  
Let her be clean, as sweet as summer isles;  
And let her sound the note of liberty  
For all the earth, till every man and child be free.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,  
The love that asks no questions: the love that stands  
the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the  
price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them  
that know—

We may not count her armies: we may not see her  
king—

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds in-  
crease,

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths  
are peace.

—SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

## THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned?  
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heavens, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is?  
Where God is God and man is man?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this?  
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heavens, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

## THE FATHERLAND

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## “BROTHERHOOD”

O Brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was “doing good”;  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father’s temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o’er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



## WORLD FRIENDSHIP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

In hearts too young for enmity there lies the way to  
make men free;

When children's friendships are world wide

New ages will be glorified.

Let child love child, and strife will cease,

Disarm the hearts, for that is peace.

—ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

## THE NEW CITY

Have we seen her, The New City, O my brothers,  
where she stands,

The superb, supreme creation of unnumbered human  
hands:

The complete and sweet expression of unnumbered  
human souls,

Bound by love to work together while their love  
their work controls;

Built by brothers for their brothers, kept by sisters  
for their mates,

Garlanded by happy children, playing free within  
the gates,

Brooded by such mighty mothers as are born to lift  
us up

Till we drink in full communion of God's wondrous  
"loving cup"?

Clean and sightly are her pavements ringing sound  
beneath men's feet,

Wide and ample are her forums where her citizens  
may meet,

## THE NEW CITY

Fair and precious are her gardens where her youths  
and maidens dance

In the fresh, pure air of Heaven, 'mid the flowers'  
extravagance.

And her schools are as the ladders to the Spirit, from  
the Clay,

Leading, round by round, to labor, strengthened, side  
by side, with play,

And her teachers are her bravest, and her governors  
her Best,

For she loves the little children she has nourished at  
her breast.

Never clangor of the trumpet, nor the hiss of bullets  
mad

Breaks the music of her fountains, plashing seaward,  
flashing glad,

For no excess and no squalor mark her fruitful, fair  
increase—

She has wrought life's final glory in a miracle of peace,  
And her citizens live justly, without gluttony or need,  
And he strives to serve the city who has bread enough  
to feed

All his own, and she must labor, who would hold an  
honored place

With the women of the city in their dignity and grace.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Have ye seen her, O my brothers, The New City,  
where each hour

Is a poet's revelation, or a hero's perfect power,  
Or an artist's new creation, or a laborer's new  
strength,

Where a world of aspiration clings God by the feet,  
at length?

Have ye seen her, The New City, in her glory? Ah,  
not yet

Gilds the sun with actual splendor chimney top and  
minaret,

But her site is surely purchased and her pattern is  
designed,

And her blessed ways are visions for all striving hu-  
mankind!

The New City, O my brothers, we ourselves shall  
never see—

She will gladden children's children into holy  
ecstasy—

Let our lives be in the building! We shall lay us in  
the sod

Happier, if our human travail builds their avenues to  
God!

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON

## THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC

Upon the skyline glows i' the dark  
The Sun that now is but a spark;  
    But soon will be unfurled—  
The glorious banner of us all,  
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,  
    Republic of the World!

—VICTOR HUGO

## A VISION OF THE FUTURE

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could  
see,  
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that  
would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with  
costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained  
a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central  
blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind  
rushing warm,  
With the standards of the people plunging thro' the  
thunder-storm;  
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the bat-  
tle-flags were furled  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the  
World.

—ALFRED TENNYSON

From *Locksley Hall*

## THE GOAL AND THE WAY

The future lies  
With those whose eyes  
Are wide to the necessities,  
And wider still  
With fervent will  
To all the possibilities.

Times big with fate  
Our wills await,  
If we be ripe to occupy;  
If we be bold  
To seize and hold  
This new-born liberty.

And every man  
Not only can  
But *must* the great occasion seize.  
Never again  
Will he attain  
Such wondrous opportunities.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Be strong! Be true!

Claim your soul's due!

Let no man rob you of the prize!

The goal is near,

The way is clear,

Who falters now shames God, and dies.

—JOHN OXENHAM



## SONG OF LIBERTY

Lead on, lead on, America,  
And set thy brothers free!  
Through life and death and round the world,  
O Flag, I'll follow thee!  
Lead on, lead on! our hearts are great  
With purpose born of God,  
For we are pledged to liberty  
On this, our deathless sod.

I hear the voice of Lincoln call:  
"Go forth with hate to none  
And see, through consecrated strength,  
The free man's battle won.  
Go forth as brother to the world!  
'Twas but my flesh that died,  
For I am with you till the end,  
And marching by your side."

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

America, thou promised land,  
Thy dreams and hopes are mine,  
And I will break thy sacred bread  
And drink thy living wine.  
O God, our source of liberty,  
Stretch forth thy mighty hand  
And bless the life of her we love,  
The free man's chosen land.

—LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

## AMERICA SINGS OF THE DAWN

Turn from your songs of old years,  
Spurn your old sorrows and tears,  
Scorn the dark battles of hate,  
Turn to the new songs that wait.  
Sing of my mountains,  
Sing my clear fountains,  
Mothering rivers  
To feed my wide prairies.  
See, in my corn lands  
Are songs in the making;  
In my deep forests  
Are chants. In the breaking  
Of dawn, in the waking  
Of spring, in the gladness  
Of Junetime, the sadness  
Of autumn, there are lyrics  
Of love and of dreaming.

Seek no more  
In the yellowing records of yore;  
Leave the old volumes of lore.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Rise at the dawn,  
Climb to the heights.  
Drink of the sunrise,  
Greet the new day that is breaking  
From over the seas.  
List! on the breeze  
Come new songs of gladness;  
On dark lands of sadness  
A new light is coming.  
The pale wraiths of war  
Are frightened and fleeing;  
The dark fiends of hate  
Are falling and dying.  
'Tis the dawning of freedom,  
The long-desired love-time,  
The lost dream of brothers.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## THE SHIP OF DEMOCRACY

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,  
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,  
The Past is also stored in thee,  
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of  
the Western continent alone,  
Earth's resumé entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is  
steadied by thy spars,  
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent na-  
tions sink or swim with thee,  
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics,  
wars, thou bear'st the other continents,  
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port  
triumphant;  
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O  
helmsman, thou carriest great companions,  
Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,  
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

—WALT WHITMAN

*From Thou Mother With Thy Equal Brood*

## YEARS OF THE UNPERFORMED

Years of the unperformed! your horizon rises—O see  
it parting away for more august dramas;  
I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's na-  
tion, but other nations preparing;  
I see tremendous entrances and exits—I see new com-  
binations—I see the solidarity of races;  
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on  
the world's stage;

. . . . .

I see men marching and counter-marching by swift  
millions;  
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocra-  
cies broken;  
I see the landmarks of European kings removed;  
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks,  
(all others give way;)  
Never were such sharp questions asked as this day;  
Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more  
like God;

. . . . .

## YEARS OF THE UNPERFORMED

The earth, restive, confronts a new era;  
No one knows what will happen next—such portents  
fill the days and nights;  
Years prophetic; the space ahead is full of phan-  
toms;  
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes  
around me;  
This incredible rush and heat—this strange ecstatic  
fever of dreams, O years!  
Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through  
me!  
(I know not whether I sleep or wake.)  
The performed America and Europe grow dim, re-  
tiring in the shadow behind me.  
The unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance,  
advance, advance upon me.

—WALT WHITMAN

## AMERICA BEFRIEND

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand  
Hath made our country free;  
From all her broad and happy land  
May worship rise to Thee.  
Fulfill the promise of her youth,  
Her liberty defend;  
By law and order, love and truth,  
America befriend!

The strength of every state increase  
In Union's golden chain;  
Her thousand cities fill with peace,  
Her million fields with grain:  
The virtues of her mingled blood  
In one new people blend;  
By unity and brotherhood,  
America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray;  
But guide her untaught might,  
That she may walk in peaceful day,  
And lead the world in light.



## AMERICA BEFRIEND

Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,  
Unequal ways amend;  
By justice, nation-wide and sure,  
America befriend!

Through all the waiting land proclaim  
The gospel of good-will;  
And may the joy of Jesus' name  
In every bosom thrill.  
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,  
Thy holy reign extend;  
By faith and hope and charity,  
America befriend!

—HENRY VAN DYKE

## STANZAS ON FREEDOM

Men! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathes on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain,  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

. . . . .

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## THE NEED OF THE HOUR

Fling forth the triple-colored flag to dare  
The bright, untravelled highways of the air.  
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet  
Let not the boast betray us to forget.  
Lo, there are high adventures for this hour—  
Toursneys to test the sinews of our power.  
For we must parry—as the years increase—  
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What do we need to keep the nation whole,  
To guard the pillars of the State? We need  
The fine audacities of honest deed;  
The homely old integrities of soul;  
The swift temerities that take the part  
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel  
The common burden and the public trust  
To be a thing as sacred and august  
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.  
We need the faith to go a path untrod,  
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## THE HEROIC AGE

He speaks not well who doth his time deplore  
Naming it new and little and obscure,  
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.

All times were modern, in the time of them,  
And this no more than others. Do thy part  
Here in the living day, as did the great  
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,  
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,  
Say: "Then the time when men were truly men:  
Tho' wars grew less, their spirits met the test  
Of new conditions, conquering civic wrong;  
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;  
Guarding the country's honor as their own  
And their own as their country's honor and their  
sons':

Proclaiming service the one test of worth;  
Defying leagued fraud with single truth;  
Knights of the spirit; warriors in the cause  
Of Justice absolute 'twixt man and man;  
Not fearing loss; and daring to be pure.

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

When error through the land raged like a pest  
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind  
By wisdom drawn from eld, and counsel sane,  
And as the martyrs of the ancient world  
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life:  
Those the great days, and that the heroic age."

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## GOD SEND US MEN

God send us men whose aim shall be,  
Not to defend some out-worn creed,  
But to live out the laws of Christ  
In every thought, and word and deed.

God send us men alert and quick  
His lofty precepts to translate,  
Until the laws of Christ become  
The laws and habits of the State.

God send us men! God send us men!  
Patient, courageous, strong and true,  
With vision clear and mind equipped,  
His will to learn, His work to do.

God send us men with hearts ablaze,  
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;  
These are the patriots nations need,  
These are the bulwarks of the State.  
—F. J. GILLMAN

## ARMAGEDDON

(A War Song of the Future)

Marching down to Armageddon,  
Brothers stout and strong,  
Let us cheer the way we tread on  
With a soldier's song!  
Faint we by the weary road,  
Or fall we in the rout,  
Dirge or pæan, death or triumph!—  
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorners,  
Love the good, but hate  
None within the world's four corners—  
All must share one fate.  
We are they whose common banner  
Bears no badge or sign,  
Save the Light which dyes it white,  
The Hope that makes it shine.



## ARMAGEDDON

We are they whose bugle rings,  
That all the wars may cease;  
We are they will pay the kings  
Their cruel price for peace;  
We are they whose steadfast watchword  
Is what Christ did teach—  
'Each man for his brother first,  
And heaven, then, for each."

We are they who will not falter—  
Many swords or few—  
Till we make this earth the altar  
Of a worship new;  
We are they who will not take  
From palace, hut, or code,  
A meaner law than "brotherhood,"  
A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon,  
Brothers stout and strong,  
Ask not why the way we tread on  
Is so rough and long.  
God will tell us when our spirits  
Grow to grasp His plan; —  
Let us do our part today,  
And obey Him, helping man!

## THE NEW PATRIOTISM

We are they whose unpaid legions,  
Strong in ranks arrayed,  
Fiercely faced in many regions,  
Never once were stayed;  
We are those whose firm battalions,  
Trained to fight, not fly,  
Know the cause of good will triumph,  
It will triumph though we die!  
—EDWIN ARNOLD

## WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and  
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as the songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of Love arise.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From *The Arsenal at Springfield*

## GOD'S DREAMS

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!  
Shall we decry them and scorn them?  
That men shall love one another,  
That white shall call black man brother,  
That greed shall pass from the market-place,  
That lust shall yield to love for the race,  
That man shall meet with God face to face—  
Dreams are they all.

But shall we despise them—  
God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!  
Can we say nay as they claim us?  
That men shall cease from their hating,  
That war shall soon be abating.  
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,  
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,  
That the love of humanity shall prevail—  
Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—  
God's dreams!

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

## THE WORLD-PURPOSE

Forever the Great Purpose presses on,  
From darkness until darkness, dawn to dawn,  
Resolved to lay the rafter and the beam  
Of Justice—the imperishable Dream.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## THE DESIRE OF NATIONS

Earth will go back to her lost youth,  
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,  
When the wise King out of the nearing Heaven comes  
To break the spell of long millenniums—  
To build with song again  
The broken hope of men—  
To hush and heroize the world,  
Under the flag of Brotherhood unfurled.  
And He will come some day:  
Already is His star upon the way!  
He comes, O World, He comes,  
But not with bugle-cry nor roll of doubling drums.

And when He comes into the world gone wrong,  
He will rebuild her beauty with a song.  
To every heart He will its own dream be:  
One moon has many phantoms in the sea.  
Out of the North the norns will cry to men:  
"Balder the Beautiful has come again!"  
The flutes of Greece will whisper from the dead:  
"Apollo has unveiled his sun-bright head!"  
The stones of Thebes and Memphis will find voice:  
"Osiris comes: O tribes of time, rejoice!"

## THE DESIRE OF NATIONS

And social architects who build the State,  
Serving the Dream at citadel and gate,  
Will hail Him coming through the labor-hum.  
And glad, quick cries will go from man to man:  
"Lo, He has come, our Christ, the Artisan—  
The King who loved the lilies, He has come!"

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## THE ERRAND IMPERIOUS

But harken, my America, my own,  
Great Mother with the hill-flower in your hair!  
Diviner is that light you bear alone,  
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream;  
To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed;  
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam—  
Yours, mighty one, to shape the mighty deed.

The arméd heavens lean down to hear your fame,  
America: rise to your high-born part:  
The thunders of the sea are in your name,  
The splendors of the sunrise in your heart.

—EDWIN MARKHAM



## THE NEED FOR MEN

God give us men! The time demands  
Strong minds, strong hearts, true faith and willing  
hands—

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!

—J. G. HOLLAND

## THE DAY

Not as they planned it or will plan again,  
Those captains whose commands were forged in hell,  
Not as they promised for their terrible  
Obedient horde, Teuton and Saracen,  
Bulgar and Slav, not as they dreamed it then,  
Masters of might with sob's for pæans to swell  
Their darkening way, but like a far-off bell  
Undoing night—the day has come for men.

The people's day has dawned, a deeper sky  
Than any day that ever rose from sea,  
And more than any captain dared is won,  
And this great light that opens carries high  
More justice than we dreamed of, even we  
Who still are blind a while, facing the sun.

—WITTER BYNNER

## PATRIOTISM

He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths however others stray,  
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,  
A stainless record which all men may read;  
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;  
No dew but has an errand to some flower;  
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,  
And man by man, each helping all the rest,  
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;  
There is no better way.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE

## THE MIGHTY HUNDRED YEARS

It is the hour of man: new purposes,  
    Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow  
        gate;  
And voices from the vast eternities  
    Still preach the soul's austere apostolate.

Always there will be vision for the heart,  
    The press of endless passion: every goal  
A traveler's tavern, whence we must depart  
    On new divine adventure of the soul.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

## THE TRUMPETER

I blew, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;  
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;  
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,  
And men stood forth to conquer at the song—  
I blew! I blew! I blew!

The field is won, the minstrels loud are crying,  
And all the world is peace, and I am dying.  
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;  
Enough if I alone recall the strain,  
I blew! I blew! I blew!

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

## YEARS ARE COMING

Years are coming, years are going, creeds may change  
and pass away,  
But the power of love is growing stronger, surer, day  
by day,  
Be ye as the light of morning, like the beauteous dawn  
unfold,  
With your radiant lives adorning all the world in  
hues of gold.  
Selfish claims will soon no longer raise their harsh,  
discordant sounds,  
For the law of love will conquer, bursting hatred's  
narrow bounds;  
Human love will spread a glory filling men with  
gladsome mirth,  
Songs of joy proclaim the story of a fair, transfig-  
ured earth.

—ANONYMOUS

## BROTHERHOOD

The crest and crowning of all good,  
Life's final star is Brotherhood;  
For it will bring again to Earth  
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth,  
Will send new light on every face,  
A kingly power upon the race,  
And till it comes, we men are slaves,  
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way:  
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.  
Break the dead branches from the path:  
Our hope is in the aftermath—  
Our hope is in heroic men,  
Star-led to build the world again.  
To this Event the ages ran:  
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.  
—EDWIN MARKHAM

## THE NEW DAY

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And know that out of death and night shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life:  
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,  
That God has given you the priceless dower  
To live in these great times and have your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour;  
That ye might tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—  
"I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;  
I saw the morning break!"

—OWEN SEAMAN



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